Ben: Two, two, a ſhirt and a ſmocke.

Nur: *Peter*, pree thee giue me my fan.

Mer: Pree thee doo good *Peter*, to hide her face: for her fanne is the fairer of the two.

Nur: God ye goodmorrow Gentlemen.

Mer: God ye good den faire Gentlewoman.

Nur: Is it godyegooden I pray you.

Mer: Tis no leſſe I aſſure you, for the baudie hand of the diall is euen now vpon the pricke of noone.

Nur: Fie, what a man is this?

Rom: A Gentleman Nurſe, that God hath made for himſelfe to marre.

Nur: By my troth well ſaid: for himſelfe to marre quoth he? I pray you can anie of you tell where one maie finde yong *Romeo*?

Rom: I can: but yong *Romeo* will bee elder when you haue found him, than he was when you ſought him. I am the yongeſt of that name for fault of a worſe.

Nur: Well ſaid.

Mer: Yea, is the worſt well? mas well noted, wiſely, wiſely.

Nur: If you be he ſir, I deſire ſome conference with ye.

Ben: O, belike ſhe meanes to inuite him to ſupper.

Mer: So ho. A baud, a baud, a baud.

Rom: Why what haſt found man?

Mer: No hare ſir, vnleſſe it be a hare in a lenten pye, that is ſomewhat ſtale and hoare ere it be eaten.

He walkes by them, and ſings.

And an olde hare hore, and an olde hare hore
is verie good meate in Lent:
But a hare thats hoare is too much for a ſcore,
if it hore ere it be ſpent.

Youl come to your fathers to ſupper?

Rom: I will.

Mer: Farewell ancient Ladie, farewell ſweete Ladie.

Exeunt Benuolio, Mercutio.

Nurſe

Nur: Marry farewell. Pray what ſaucie merchant was this that was ſo full of his roperipe?

Rom: A gentleman Nurſe that loues to heare himſelfe talke, and will ſpeake more in an houre than hee will ſtand to in a month.

Nur: If hee ſtand to anie thing againſt mee, I'e take him downe if he were luſtier than he is: if I cannot take him downe, Ile finde them that ſhall: I am none of his flurtgills, I am none of his skaines mates.

She turnes to Peter her man.

And thou like a knaue muſt ſtand by, and ſee euerie Iacke vſe me at his pleaſure.

Pet: I ſee no bodie vſe you at his pleaſure, if I had, I would ſoone haue drawen: you know my toole is as ſoone out as anothers if I ſee time and place.

Nur: Now afore God he hath ſo vext me, that euerie member about me quiuers: ſcuruie Iacke. But as I ſaid, my Ladie bad me ſeeke ye out, and what ſhee bad me tell yee, that Ile keepe to my ſelfe: but if you ſhould lead her into a fooles paradice as they ſaye, it were a verie groſſe kinde of behauiour as they ſay, for the Gentlewoman is yong. Now if you ſhould deale doubly with her, it were verie weake dealing, and not to be offered to anie Gentlewoman.

Rom: Nurſe, commend me to thy Ladie, tell her I proteſt.

Nur: Good heart: yfaith Ile tell her ſo: oh ſhe will be a ioyfull woman.

Rom: Why, what wilt thou tell her?

Nur: That you doo proteſt: which (as I take it) is a Gentlemanlike proffer.

Rom: Bid her get leaue to morrow morning
To come to ſhrift to Frier *Laurence* cell:
And ſtay thou Nurſe behinde the Abbey wall,
My man ſhall come to thee, and bring along
The cordes, made like a tackled ſtaire,
Which to the high top-gallant of my ioy

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